

"DOCTOR WHO"

SERIES 'Q' - EPISODE FOUR - THE FINAL PHASE

by GLYN JONES.

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THE CAST

DOCTOR WHO
IAN CHESTERTON
BARBARA WRIGHT
VICKI

LOBOS
TOR
SITA
DAKO

MOROK COMMANDER
MOROK GUARD
DALEK

OUTSIDE REHEARSALS: 19th - 23rd April 1965.
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Shepherds Bush (Central or Met.Line).)

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Doctor Who is the subject for an experiment;
the TARDIS is captured by the Moroks - and
an old enemy makes a re-appearance.

"DOCTOR WHO"

(SERIAL Q)

EPISODE FOUR: "The Final Phase"

by

Glyn Jones.

F.I. CAM

SUPOSE CAM

Opening
Titles:

1. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS MOVES TO A DOOR,
STANDS BY IT, IT
LEADS OFF FROM HIS
OFFICE)

IAN: Is he in there?

LOBOS: Yes.

IAN: Open it.

LOBOS: Do you still think
I am bluffing?

(IAN TURNS, SIGNALS
THE WAITING GUARD
TO MOVE ACROSS AND
OPEN THE DOOR)

SUPOSE CAM Opening
 Credit
 Titles:

"THE FINAL PHASE"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION
FADES.

THE GUARD MOVES ACROSS,
DOES SO. LOBOS,
NERVOUS, BUT TRUE
TO HIMSELF IS RESUMING
WITH HIS SLIGHTLY SUPERIOR
SMILE.

IAN WATCHES HIM.

THE GUARD OPENS THE DOOR,
STEPS BACK)

SUPOSE CAM Author's
 Caption:

"WRITTEN BY GLYN JONES"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION
FADES.

IAN LOOKS AT EACH OF
THEM IN TURN, THEN
DECIDING, STEPS FORWARD
TO TAKE A LOOK

CUT TO A REVERSE SHOT
AS IAN MOVES INTO THE
DOOR FRAME. HE LOOKS IN,
THEN UP, AN EXPRESSION
OF HORROR COMES OVER
IAN'S FACE)

IAN: Doctor!

(WE HOLD MOMENTARILY
ON IAN, THEN:)

2. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(DOCTOR WHO IS LEANING BACK IN
AN UPRIGHT POSITION, AGAINST A
BOARD OF SOME KIND, MARBLE OR
OTHERWISE.

HE IS RIGID, AND, ALTHOUGH HIS
EYES ARE OPEN, HE APPEARS TO BE
SIGHTLESS. HIS FACE IS DRAWN,
AND LIKE WAX.

WE FEATURE IAN AGAIN, AS, WITH
THE RAY GUN, HE INDICATES FOR
LOBOS AND THE GUARD TO JOIN HIM)

IAN: What have you done to him?

LOBOS: I don't think you would appreciate
the technicalities.

IAN: Just tell me what you've done.

LOBOS: He has completed the second stage of
preparation. He is as good as dead. My
only defence is that experiments such as
this, are necessary.

IAN: Necessary?

LOBOS: You must admit that this will be of
great value to future generations.

IAN: I've heard all about future
generations before. I haven't got time to
stand here and discuss morals with you.
Bring him back!

(LOBOS EYES IAN, SEES THE DETERMINED MOOD, REACTS, AND CROSSES OVER TO A SMALL CONTROL BOX. IT IS LINED WITH DIALS, METERS, ETC.)

IAN: (cont) And remember I shall be watching you very carefully, Lobos.

LOBOS: I shall be very careful too.

IAN: What's the box for?

LOBOS: As I said, you will not understand the technicalities.

IAN: Just don't try any tricks.

LOBOS: There are no tricks in science. Only facts. Now, Doctor - let us see if we can put some colour back into those cheeks.

(IAN WATCHES LOBOS ANXIOUSLY. THE BOX STARTS TO EMIT A LOW HUM, WHICH RISES INTENTLY)

IAN: How long will it take?

LOBOS: That is difficult to say. He is an old man. He will take longer to recover.

(WE GO IN CLOSE ON LOBOS FOR:)

Perhaps ... he never will.

3. INT. TOR'S ROOM. DAY.

(WE GO IN AND SEE SITA BRINGING IN RAY GUNS, AND STACKING THEM AGAINST THE WALL OF THE REVOLUTIONARY HEADQUARTERS ON A PILE THERE)

SITA: That's the lot, Tor.

(VICKI IS WATCHING THE ACTIVITY WITH A GROWING IMPATIENCE, AS TOR DIRECTS THE DISTRIBUTION OF THE ARMS AMONGST A GROUP OF XERON YOUTH)

TOR: Move along - hurry up.

VICKI: Tor?

TOR: Just a moment, Vicki.

(THE XERONS PAUSE IN TAKING THEIR ARMS AS TOR ADDRESSES THEM)

Now you know the main objective. The Morok Barracks. Most of our force is already on the way there, but we must surprise them - if they mobilise we shall fail!

SITA: Come on, come on - take one ray-gun each.

(VICKI MOVES UP TO TOR AFTER COLLECTING A RAY GUN HERSELF)

VICKI: Will everybody be going to the barracks?

TOR: (NODDING) We need every man, and woman, we can muster, Vicki. Why?

VICKI: Well, if it's all the same to you, I'm going back to the museum.

TOR: The museum?

VICKI: Barbara might still be there. I've got to find her, Tor. And my other friends.

TOR: Look, as soon as we finish ...

VICKI: (SHAKING HER HEAD) Now! It may be too late otherwise ...

TOR: No, I won't let you go.

VICKI: I won't let you stop me.

TOR: But if you're captured.

VICKI: The Moroks won't know of the revolt - I'm not likely to tell them.

TOR: You won't have to - the gun will give us away - they'll check the armoury.

(VICKI THINKS ON THIS, OFFERS
THE RAY GUN BACK, TOR TAKES IT)

VICKI: I'm still going. I'll have to try and find them, tell them what's going on - there's no knowing what they'll do otherwise. If I am captured - I'll hope you're successful, and reach us in time. It sounds silly but whatever I decide to do may be wrong ... I've got to find them.

(VICKI TURNS, TOR WATCHES HER
GO, AND THEN:)

TOR: Vicki.

VICKI: (TURNING) Yes?

TOR: Wait. (HE CALLS) Sita ...

(SITA MOVES INTO SHOT AS TOR
GIVES VICKI HER RAY GUN)

Go with Vicki to the museum - we'll join you later.

SITA: Yes, but ...

TOR: Don't argue, Sita - do what she tells you.

(SITA LOOKS AT VICKI AS TOR
TURNS TO THE NOW FULLY
ARMED GROUP)

Ready? Good. Let's go.

VICKI: Come on, Sita ...

(WE FOLLOW VICKI AND SITA
OUT OF THE ROOM, AND THEN CUT
TO:)

4. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(OUTSIDE THE MUSEUM, THREE
MOROK GUARDS ARE MANHANDLING
THE TARDIS CLEAR OF THE EN-
TRANCE, AND BACK AGAINST
THE MUSEUM WALL.

WITH THE TELEPHONE BOX IN
POSITION THEY BRING UP A
CUTTING DEVICE, AND START TO
ATTEMPT TO CUT THEIR WAY
IN, AROUND THE LOCK.

THEY ARE DOING THIS WHEN
THE MOROK COMMANDER MOVES
INTO FRAME)

COMMANDER: All right - leave that! Where is
the relief guard for this entrance?

(ONE OF THE MOROK GUARDS MOVES
ACROSS TO THE COMMANDER)

GUARD TWO: There was nobody here when we
arrived, sir.

COMMANDER: You - take over the watch.

GUARD TWO: Yes, sir.

COMMANDER: I'll get to the bottom of this -
you two, follow me ...

(THE OTHER TWO GUARDS FOLLOW
THE MOROK COMMANDER OUT OF
FRAME.

THE GUARD TWO MOVES INTO A
SENTRY POSITION BESIDE THE
MUSEUM DOORWAY. WE PAN
WITH HIM, THEN, WHEN HE
TAKES UP A STANCE, LOSE
HIM AND PAN ONTO THE
DOOR. WE CLOSE IN AND
CUT TO:)

5. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(WE PICK UP ON BARBARA AND DAKO WHERE WE LEFT THEM. UNDER THE GAS THEY ARE IN COLLAPSED POSITIONS ON THE FLOOR.

WE FEATURE BARBARA, AND, WITH A SUPREME EFFORT, SHE MANAGES TO GET UP, HER MUSCLES STRAINING UNDER THE EFFORT.

SHE MOVES ACROSS TO DAKO, AND, SHAKING HIM, ROUSES HIM ENOUGH FOR HIM TO TRY AND CRAWL TOWARDS THE ENTRANCE, GROANING AS HE DOES SO.

WE WATCH THEIR PAINFUL EFFORTS TO DRAG THEMSELVES ALONG THE CORRIDOR, AND, AS THEY GO OUT OF FRAME, WE MIX TO:)

6. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE CONTROL BOX OF THE PREPARING PROCESS AND, PULLING OUT SEE THAT LOBOS IS STILL STANDING THERE READING THE CONTROLS.

THE MOROK GUARD ONE IS IN THE BACKGROUND, IAN COVERING BOTH OF THEM AND WATCHING LOBOS.

DOCTOR WHO REMAINS AS WE FIRST SAW HIM, STANDING STIFFLY, AND WAX-LIKE)

LOBOS: His temperature is returning to normal.

(LOBOS TURNS TO SEE IAN STARING AT HIM, STARTS TO EXCUSE HIMSELF)

After a temperature of several hundred degrees below freezing, it is a complicated process.

-9-
IAN: How much longer?

LOBOS: I do not know. I have never tried before to reverse the process.

IAN: You sound confident.

(LOBOS LOOKS AT IAN'S
RAY GUN, AND:)

LOBOS: I have to be.

(LOBOS CONTINUES TO
MANIPULATE CONTROLS ON THE
PANEL.

WE GET A SHOT OF DOCTOR
WHO BUT CAN AS YET SEE
NO CHANGE IN HIS CONDITION)

LOBOS: Normal body temperature has been reached.

(IAN, ON THIS, REACHES OUT
AND TOUCHES THE DOCTOR'S
HAND. LOBOS SEES THIS)

Well?

IAN: (NODDING) Hand's warm.

LOBOS: Good. We should not have long to wait.

(WE FEATURE THE DOCTOR
AND, AFTER A SECOND OR
SO, SEE HIM BLINK,
THEN HIS LIP MOVES
SLIGHTLY)

DOCTOR WHO: No - not long at all.

IAN: Doctor!

(IAN REACTS AS DOCTOR
WHO MOVES SLOWLY,
RECOVERING A LITTLE.

LOBOS MAKES A MOVE
BUT IAN IS ALERT. HE
BRINGS HIS RAY GUN AROUND)

IAN: Wait - over there.

(LOBOS TAKES THE DIRECTION
OF THE GUN AND MOVES
TO STAND NEAR THE MOROK
GUARD ONE)

DOCTOR WHO: Never mind about him, Chesterton.
Help me to a chair.

(IAN LENDS THE DOCTOR
AN ARM, HELPS HIM TO
A CHAIR IN THE ROOM)

IAN: Are you all right?

DOCTOR WHO: Splendid - apart from an attack
of rheumatism. Always comes on when it's
cold ...

IAN: Does it? I don't remember you
complaining.

DOCTOR WHO: Possibly not - but it's a long
time since I encountered that sort of
temperature.

(THE DOCTOR HAS ARRIVED
AT HIS CHAIR, AS IAN
HELPS HIM SIT WE CUT TO
LOBOS AND THE MOROK
GUARD ONE, AGAINST THE WALL)

LOBOS: When I give the word, you'll rush
him.

(THE GUARD LOOKS VERY UNHAPPY)

And that's an order.

(WE RESUME ON DOCTOR
WHO SITTING, AND IAN,
MORE CONCERNED WITH THE
DOCTOR, BUT KEEPING AN
EVER WATCHFUL EYE ON
LOBOS AND GUARD ONE,
AND RAY GUN AT THE
READY.

THE DOCTOR IS STRETCHING,
MOVING, STILL GETTING THE
SHIVERS)

IAN: We'd better get the circulation going again.

(IAN STARTS TO RUB
THE DOCTOR'S SHOULDER
WITH HIS FREE HAND,
MUCH TO THE DOCTOR'S
ANNOYANCE)

DOCTOR WHO: It's nothing to do with the circulation. Stop fussing. Don't do that!

(DURING THIS LOBOS PUSHES
THE MOROK GUARD ONE)

LOBOS: Now!

(IAN AT ONCE TURNS, AND
POINTS THE RAY GUN.

THE MOROK GUARD ONE
STOPS DEAD IN HIS TRACKS,
RAISES HIS HANDS AND
QUICKLY BACKS TO THE
WALL. HE HAD ABSOLUTELY
NO ENTHUSIASM IN HIS
ACTIONS)

DOCTOR WHO: Yes, yes - your soldiers really have no heart for their jobs at all, do they, Governor Lobos?

(LOBOS DOES NOT ANSWER)

Oh, and thank you for getting me out of that little predicament.

(DOCTOR WHO POINTS TO THE
PREPARATION CONTRAPTION)

LOBOS: The pleasure was all mine.

DOCTOR WHO: Although I would have been better pleased if you'd done it voluntarily.

(THE DOCTOR HAS NOW STOOD.
HE IS FEELING HIS WAY,
TRYING HIS LEGS, TESTING
HIS JOINTS)

IAN: Yes, his conscience did need a little reminder.

DOCTOR WHO: I know, my boy, I know.

IAN: You knew? But you were ...

DOCTOR WHO: Dead? Not at all. I was merely, shall we say, frozen stiff.

IAN: You knew what was going on all the time?

DOCTOR WHO: From the moment you opened the door. Before that, of course, it was very dull.

IAN: It must have been.

DOCTOR WHO: Let me see now. I compiled two Latin crosswords, a little Greek verse and even managed a few square roots. All very boring. I wasn't looking forward to the prospect of spending the next few hundred years doing mental arithmetic.

IAN: I don't suppose it would matter after the first few months. You'd be a raving lunatic.

LOBOS: I would say it was merely a matter of a few weeks. But of course, I have no proof.

DOCTOR WHO: The best thing we could do with you, Lobos, is put you on there yourself. You'd have all the proof you needed then.

(LOBOS REACTS, TERRIFIED)

However, think yourself lucky that my conscience doesn't allow me to go that far: Pity.

7. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE CUT OUTSIDE TO THE
ADJOINING ROOM, THE OFFICE
OF GOVERNOR LOBOS.

AS WE GO IN THE MOROK
COMMANDER AND THE GUARDS
FROM THE BUILDING
EXTERIOR ENTER THE OFFICE.

THEY HEAR THE VOICES OF
DOCTOR WHO, AND IAN, THROUGH
THE OPEN DOOR OF THE
PREPARATION ROOM, AND FREEZE
TO THE MOROK COMMANDER'S
SIGN)

IAN: (OVER) I think the next step is
to find Barbara, and Vicki - don't you,
Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: (OVER) I'm not sure,
Chesterton, I'm not sure. Where did you
leave them?

IAN: (OVER) At the museum ...

(THE MOROK COMMANDER SIGNALS
SILENCE TO THE MEN AND
INDICATES FOR THEM TO MOVE
UP TO STAND EACH SIDE OF
THE OPEN DOOR.

AS THEY ARE DOING THIS,
QUIETLY AND STEALTHILY,
WE CUT TO:)

8. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(LOBOS AND THE MOROK
GUARD ONE ARE AGAINST
THE WALL, COVERED BY
IAN. DOCTOR WHO IS
MOVING AROUND THOUGHTFULLY)

DOCTOR WHO: And the Tardis?

IAN: It's standing outside the museum
building ...

(THE DOCTOR CONTINUES TO
THINK DEEPLY, NODDING)

DOCTOR WHO: Mm - I see ...

IAN: What's the problem? We must have
changed our future by now, Doctor!

DOCTOR WHO: I'm not sure of that either,
Chesterton. Have we? Or have we merely
been following the prescribed train of
events, mmm?

IAN: I've just got you off that thing!

9. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER SIGNALS
HIS GUARDS TO GET READY,
THEY DRAW, OR HAVE DRAWN
THEIR RAY GUNS.

AS THEY PREPARE TO MOVE
INTO THE ROOM, DOCTOR WHO
MOVES ACROSS TO LOBOS SO
THAT BOTH HE AND IAN
HAVE THEIR BACKS TO THE DOOR)

10. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(THE DOCTOR HAS CROSSED
TO DIRECT HIS NEXT REMARK
TO GOVERNOR LOBOS)

DOCTOR WHO: True - but I'm sure the
Governor here would be delighted to see us
both back on it. Am I correct?

(AT THIS POINT THE MOROK GUARDS,
AND THE COMMANDER, STORM
THROUGH THE DOOR.

IAN HALF TURNS, BUT ONE OF
THE GUARDS CRASHES HIM ACROSS
THE BACK OF THE NECK AND
SHOULDER WITH A RAY GUN AND
IAN CRUMBLES TO THE FLOOR
AS IF POLE-AXED.

DOCTOR WHO TURNS WILDLY BUT
THE MOROK COMMANDER PUTS HIS
RAY GUN INCHES FROM THE
DOCTOR'S NOSE, AND THE DOCTOR,
WIDE-EYED, STARES AT IT.

LOBOS MOVES RIGHT BACK
IN ON THE DOCTOR WITH:)

LOBOS: You are correct, Doctor. And it
would appear that I shall have my wish.

(WE HOLD ON THE DOCTOR'S
REACTION MOMENTARILY, AND
THEN CUT TO:)

11. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(THE MOROK GUARD TWO IS
STANDING AT HIS POST. WE HOLD
ON HIM THEN WATCH AS HE
BECOMES AWARE OF A SLIGHT
NOISE.

HE REACTS, AND LOOKS TOWARDS
THE ENTRANCE DOORS, THOUGHTFULLY.
WE PAN ACROSS INTO THE DOORS,
AND:)

12. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(BARBARA AND DAKO ARE MOVING
VERY SLOWLY ALONG THE LAST
LENGTH OF CORRIDOR TO THE
DOORS.

BREATHING HEAVILY, AND EACH
STEP MADE IN AGONY)

BARBARA: Just a few more feet ... that's
all ...

DAKO: There'll be guards out there, Barbara.
Waiting for us.

BARBARA: I realise that, Dako - I'm probably
playing right into their hands - doing what
I'm supposed to do.

DAKO: I don't understand.

BARBARA: Mm? Sorry, I'm thinking aloud. At least we'll stand some sort of chance outside.

DAKO: Huh - chance of what?

(THEY EDGE THEIR WAY FORWARD
AT A PAINFULLY SLOW RATE OF
PROGRESS)

13. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE
MOROK GUARD TWO, LOOKING
IN THROUGH THE DOORS. HE
SMILES TO HIMSELF, PLEASED.

HE REACHES A DECISION AND,
AS HE MOVES AWAY)

14. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE MOROK
GUARD ONE STANDING IN
FRONT OF LOBOS, WHO IS
SEATED BEHIND HIS DESK. THE
MOROK COMMANDER AT HIS SIDE.

WE PULL OUT AS THE MOROK
COMMANDER IS GIVING HIS
REPORT TO LOBOS)

COMMANDER: I met this soldier on his way
here; asked him what he was doing and he
said reporting to you. On your orders.

(LOBOS NODS, TURNS TO LOOK
FROM THE COMMANDER TO
THE GUARD)

GUARD ONE: I was a prisoner of one of the
aliens, sir. He had a gun.

LOBOS: Which he took from you!

GUARD ONE: Yes, sir.

COMMANDER: I posted a relief guard, and came here to see what had happened.

LOBOS: You did well, Commander.

(THE COMMANDER IS PLEASED
AT THE PRAISE. LOBOS GETS
UP FROM THE DESK)

LOBOS: Have this man placed under close arrest ...

(THE INTERCOM ON THE
DESK BUZZES AND LOBOS
LEANS ACROSS TO FLICK
A SWITCH)

LOBOS: What is it?

GUARD TWO: (OVER) Relief guard; exit 417.
The aliens are just about to leave the museum.

LOBOS: Good. Good! Detain them there!
I'll send extra men.

GUARD TWO: (OVER) Yes, sir.

(LOBOS FLICKS OVER ANOTHER
CONTROL SWITCH, LOOKING UP
AT THE COMMANDER)

LOBOS: It seems that this little diversion
will soon be at an end, Commander.

(LOBOS TURNS BACK TO THE
CONTROL UNIT, AS THE COMMANDER
NODS, LOBOS DEPRESSES THE
SWITCH, IRRITATED)

LOBOS: Strange. No reply from the barracks.

(LOBOS FLICKS THE SWITCH
SEVERAL TIMES, THEN GIVES UP.
HE LOOKS UP AT THE GUARD
THEN AT THE COMMANDER)

It seems that a faulty connection has
given our friend here another chance.

LOBOS: (cont) (TO GUARD) Go with the
Commander ...
(TO BOTH) Bring the aliens to me.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER SALUTES)

COMMANDER: Yes, sir.

(THE COMMANDER LEAVES THE
OFFICE BECKONING THE GUARD
TO FOLLOW WHICH HE DOES.

LOBOS ALLOWS THEM TO MOVE
OUT, THEN MOVES ACROSS TO
THE ADJOINING DOOR OF THE
PREPARATION ROOM)

15. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(LOBOS APPEARS AT THE DOOR
AND LOOKS IN.

DOCTOR WHO, AND IAN SEATED,
ARE WATCHED BY THE GUARDS
WHO CAME WITH THE MOROK
COMMANDER.

IAN IS RUBBING THE
BACK OF HIS NECK
WHERE THE BLOW HAS
STRUCK HIM)

LOBOS: I've just had a word about your
friends.

(DOCTOR WHO AND IAN REACT,
LOOK UP)

Don't worry they're safe. You'll all be
together again soon. Perhaps for centuries.

(LOBOS SMILES A GLOATING
SMILE, AND, AS WE GET
DOCTOR WHO AND IAN
REACTING TO THIS)

16. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE MOROK
GUARD TWO, COVERING THE
ENTRANCE DOORS TO THE
MUSEUM WITH HIS RAY GUN.

SECONDS AFTER WE GO
IN THE DOORS OPEN
AND BARBARA AND DAKO
STAGGER OUT INTO THE
FRESH AIR, GULPING IN
BREATHS)

GUARD TWO: Halt! Stay there!

(BARBARA AND DAKO FOLLOW ORDERS)

Back - against the wall.

DAKO: Sorry, Barbara.

BARBARA: For what? It's not your fault.

GUARD TWO: No talking. Put your hands on
your heads.

(BARBARA AND DAKO DO AS
THEY ARE TOLD. THEY STAND
AGAINST THE WALL, HANDS
CLASPED ON THE TOP OF
THEIR HEADS. THEY ARE GLAD
OF THE REST IN A
WAY AND TRY TO REGAIN
THEIR SENSES.

THE MOROK GUARD EYES THEM
SUSPICIOUSLY, VERY MUCH ALERT,
AND ON GUARD.

HE WATCHES THEM SO CLOSELY
HE DOES NOT NOTICE VICKI
AND SITA MOVE INTO THE
FOREGROUND OF THE PICTURE
BEHIND HIM. SITA RAISES HIS GUN.

BARBARA SEES THEM THERE,
AND REACTS)

SITA: (CALLING) Soldier!

(THE MOROK GUARD TWO
TURNS, WITH HIS RAY GUN
AT THE READY. SITA, HOWEVER,
FIRES BEFORE HE CAN TAKE
AIM. WITH A CRY THE MOROK
GUARD TWO COLLAPSES MOANING
IN A HEAP.)

VICKI IS ALREADY MOVING
IN ON BARBARA)

VICKI: Barbara - are you all right? You
look terrible.

BARBARA: Well, thank you! (THEN) Yes,
Vicki, I'm all right.

(SITA HAS MOVED ACROSS TO
DAKO. THEY STAND TOGETHER,
DAKO TRYING TO CLEAR
HIS HEAD)

DAKO: Sita! Where did you come from?
And guns.

SITA: Yes, the revolution's finally
started! We broke into the armoury. Tor's
leading the attack on the Morok barracks.

DAKO: Why aren't you there?

SITA: We came for you.

(WE LOSE DAKO AND SITA
IN THE BACKGROUND RESUMING
ON BARBARA AND VICKI)

VICKI: Is Ian still inside?

BARBARA: I don't see how he could be,
Vicki. Those guards must have taken him
away.

VICKI: To wherever the Doctor is, I suppose.
We've got to find them, Barbara. There's
a chance for us now.

BARBARA: Why - what's happened?

VICKI: It's going to be all right. I know it is. When the revolution's successful, Tor and the Xerons are going to destroy the museum, and all the exhibits. Well - we can't be put in a museum that doesn't exist, can we?

(SITA MOVES BACK FROM TALKING WITH DAKO, AND UP TO VICKI AND BARBARA)

SITA: Dako and myself are going to find Tor - are you coming?

VICKI: No, I don't think so. Are we, Barbara?

BARBARA: It depends on whether we can find out where Ian and the Doctor were taken. We may as well go with Sita if it means just wandering around aimlessly.

VICKI: Where would they be taken?

SITA: To the Governor's office I expect - first of all, anyway.

VICKI: Well we don't want to go there!

MOROK COMMANDER: (VOICE OVER) Possibly not - but that's where you are going!

(WE GET A WIDE SHOT AND SEE THE MOROK COMMANDER AND THE MOROK GUARD ONE STANDING NEARBY. RAY GUNS AT THE READY.

SITA BRINGS UP HIS RAY GUN BUT THE COMMANDER HAS ALREADY FIRED. SITA FALLS WITH A CRY, AND SPRAWLS OUT ON THE FLOOR

VICKI, ALSO, IS STILL HOLDING HER RAY GUN, BUT SHE MAKES NO ATTEMPT TO USE IT. SHE MOVES TO SITA, HORRIFIED)

VICKI: Sita. Sita!

(THE MOROK COMMANDER STRIDES ACROSS AND TEARS THE RAY GUN FROM HER HANDS.)

THE MOROK GUARD ONE HAS MOVED ACROSS DURING THIS ACTION AND GIVEN THE UNARMED DAKO A BLOW ACROSS THE FACE WITH THE BUTT END OF HIS RAY GUN. DAKO FALLS UNCONSCIOUS TO THE FLOOR AND THE MOROK GUARD ONE COVERS BARBARA.

THE MOROK COMMANDER PUSHES VICKI BESIDE HER, THEN LOOKS AT THE RAY GUN HE HOLDS, THE ONE HE TOOK FROM VICKI)

COMMANDER: Where did you get this?

(VICKI DOESN'T ANSWER. BARBARA MOVES IN PROTECTIVELY)

COMMANDER: I asked you a question!

VICKI: I ... I can't remember ...

(THE COMMANDER JERKS HIS HEAD FOR THE MOROK GUARD TO COME TO HIM. HE DOES SO)

COMMANDER: Do you know of any guerrilla actions against the occupying force?

GUARD ONE: None recently.

COMMANDER: Any arms fell into Xeron hands?

GUARD ONE: No, sir. Not that I know of.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER LOOKS AT THE RAY GUN, THEN AT VICKI)

COMMANDER: It looks as though the Governor will have more than the usual batch of questions to ask! Move!

(THE MOROK GUARD ONE, AND
THE COMMANDER DIRECT BARBARA
AND VICKI TO MARCH AWAY.

WE FOLLOW THEM ALL OUT OF
FRAME AND CLOSE IN ON DAKO
IN A CRUMPLED HEAP ON THE
FLOOR. WE HOLD, THEN:)

17. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(LOBOS IS SITTING BEHIND HIS
DESK. THE MOROK COMMANDER
IS IN THE ROOM, PACING.
LOBOS HAS THE RAY GUN
CONFISCATED FROM VICKI
ON THE DESK IN FRONT OF
HIM. LOBOS LOOKS AT THE
GUN, PICKS IT UP, THEN
EXASPERATED FLICKS ONE OF
THE SWITCHES ON THE
INTERCOM ON HIS DESK)

COMMANDER: No answer, sir?

LOBOS: None Commander. First the barracks -
now the armoury. Well the soldier will call
and report as soon as he gets there.

COMMANDER: Yes, sir. (THEN) Er ... you
don't think ..?

LOBOS: I don't think anything, Commander.
Except that this weapon came from the weapons
store.

(LOBOS PUTS THE GUN DOWN.
THE MOROK COMMANDER MOVES
AWAY, LISTENS AT THE DOOR
OF THE PREPARATION ROOM,
NOW CLOSED AND LOCKED)

Are they talking?

COMMANDER: Apparently not ...

(THE COMMANDER NODS
TOWARDS THE DOOR)

COMMANDER: What happens to them?

LOBOS: The problem will keep, Commander.
They'll go into the museum as planned.

(THE MOROK COMMANDER NODS,
MOVES AWAY FROM THE DOOR
LEADING INTO THE PREPARATION
ROOM. WE CLOSE IN ON IT AND:)

18. INT. PREPARATION ROOM. DAY.

(IAN IS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF
THE DOOR. HE LOOKS AT IT,
TRIES TO OPEN IT IN A WAY
TO SUGGEST HE HAS TRIED
MANY TIMES BEFORE, THEN
HITS IT WITH HIS FIST IN
A FRUSTRATED KIND OF WAY.

WE PULL OUT TO SHOW DOCTOR
WHO IS SITTING IN THE CHAIR,
WIPING HIS FACE WITH HIS
HANDKERCHIEF AS THOUGH THE
ROOM IS NOW BECOMING TOO
HOT FOR HIM.

BARBARA AND VICKI ARE STANDING
ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ROOM.
THERE IS A GENERAL AIR OF
DEPRESSION)

DOCTOR: You can save your strength, Chesterton.
It'll take more than that to get us out of
this situation.

(IAN DOES NOT ANSWER AT FIRST,
HE MOVES ACROSS TO THE CONTROL
BOX OF THE FREEZING PROCESS,
STANDS GLARING AT IT)

IAN: So - exhibits in a forgotten museum.
That's how it all ends?

(HE PICKS UP THE BOX, DELIBERATELY
SMASHES IT)

Well it won't be on this contraption, that's
for sure!

DOCTOR: My boy, one can hardly call me a
pessimist, but I should think it most unlikely
that that was the only "contraption" of its
kind.

BARBARA: I think Ian's entitled to let off some steam, Doctor. If I'd have thought of it, I would have smashed it myself.

DOCTOR: Yes, yes - so would I have done.

VICKI: Just listen to you all! We must have changed the future - we just have done!

(VICKI HAS MOVED ACROSS TO THE DOCTOR POSSIBLY FOR CONFIRMATION OF HER LAST STATEMENT. HE SMILES AT HER ENCOURAGINGLY)

BARBARA: Did we, Vicki? Or were all things we did, laid out for us? Four separate journeys and choices - that led all the time closer to here.

(THERE IS A GENERAL SILENCE. THEY ARE, AFTER ALL, THERE)

It might have never happened if I'd stayed in that museum ...

DOCTOR: Or if I hadn't got myself captured, ummm?

IAN: Well if everyone's joining in, I could have ... oh, what does it matter?

VICKI: It hasn't happened yet, you know!

DOCTOR: Yes, Vicki's right.

IAN: But it's just a question of time, isn't it, Doctor?

DOCTOR: Not necessarily.

BARBARA: But what can we do now to change things?

DOCTOR: Nothing ...(cont...)

(BARBARA REACTS, THE DOCTOR PICKS HER UP WITH)

DOCTOR: (cont) ...but that isn't our only hope. You've got to remember, Barbara, that for the short time we've been on this planet, we've met people, spoken to them, and maybe even influenced them.

VICKI: That's what I was trying to say, Doctor.

DOCTOR: I know you were, my child, I know you were.

IAN: You mean we don't necessarily have to change our own future. It could be changed for us?

DOCTOR: Yes, something like that. Future changes do not depend on specific happenings, Chesterton. Our personalities, ourselves, we can change things in other people so that indirectly we can have a hand in the shaping of events that might, or might not, still save us!

(WE CHANGE ANGLE IN ON VICKI,
AS MUCH TO HERSELF AS ANYTHING)

VICKI: Like the revolution ...

(WE HOLD ON VICKI MOMENTARILY,
AND THEN)

19. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE EXTERIOR OF THE MUSEUM SET. SITA AND DAKO ARE STILL THERE AS BEFORE. DAKO IS STARTING TO COME ROUND, AND MOVES SLIGHTLY, NOT YET SUFFICIENTLY RECOVERED TO STAND.

AS SOON AS WE GO IN WE HEAR THE NOISE OF A LARGE CROWD, MOSTLY SOME WAY OFF BUT A FRINGE GETTING NEARER. WE SEE A COUPLE OF MOROK GUARDS BACK UP TO THE BUILDING, FIRING THEIR RAY GUNS PAST THE CAMERA.

THEY COLLAPSE ON THE FLOOR AS TOR, LEADING A BAND OF XERONS MOVE INTO SHOT, FIRING THEIR GUNS AND YELLING.

A COUPLE MORE MOROK GUARDS TURN THE CORNER OF THE BUILDING, SEE TOR'S MOB AND QUICKLY RUSH THROUGH THE ENTRANCE DOORS. TWO XERONS BREAK AWAY FROM THE MAIN GROUP AND PURSUE THEM.

TOR MOVES ACROSS, LOOKS AT SITA, SEES THAT HE IS DEAD, AND REGISTERS: THEN TOR MOVES ACROSS TO THE MOVING DAKO.

ONE OF HIS GROUP FIRES HIS RAY GUN AND BRINGS DOWN ANOTHER MOROK GUARD. THE GUARD FALLS NEARBY. TOR TURNS TO LOOK, THEN GIVES HIS ATTENTION TO DAKO)

20. INT. MUSEUM CORRIDOR. DAY.

(THE TWO MOROK GUARDS WHO BROKE AWAY ARE RUNNING DOWN THE CORRIDOR, AWAY FROM THE CAMERA.

THE PURSUING XERONS MOVE INTO FRAME; STOP, FIRE THEIR GUNS.

THE TWO MOROK GUARDS COLLAPSE, SPRAWL HEADLONG ON THE FLOOR)

21. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE RESUME ON TOR AND DAKO, THE NOISE OF THE CROWD, OCCASIONAL FIRING AND RUNNING FEET AUDIBLE)

TOR: Dako - It's Tor ...

(DAKO STRUGGLES TO COME ROUND, RECOGNISES TOR)

DAKO: Tor! The ...barracks, did you?

TOR: Yes - destroyed. The Moroks are on the run.

(DAKO SMILES, LOOKS VERY PLEASED)

TOR: And Vicki? Do you know what happened?

DAKO: She found ... then the Moroks came, and ...

TOR: They took them?

(DAKO NODS WEAKLY)

TOR: Where to Dako? Where did they take them?

DAKO: Not sure - the Governor I think.

(TOR LOOKS DOWN AT DAKO, GRABS
AT ONE OF HIS GROUP)

TOR: Stay with him.

(TOR SIGNALS TO THE REST OF HIS
GROUP)

TOR: The rest of you - come with me!

(TOR LEADS THE XERONS OFF FRAME,
AND, AS HE DOES SO, WE:)

22. INT. LOBOS' OFFICE. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE BUZZING INTERCOM,
PULL OUT AS LOBOS COMES ACROSS TO
ANSWER IT. THE MOROK COMMANDER IS
IN THE BACKGROUND)

LOBOS: Yes? Armoury.

GUARD ONE: (OVER) Yes, sir ...

LOBOS: What's happened? What took you so
long?

GUARD ONE: (OVER) It's been attacked! The
weapons have gone!

LOBOS: What! Stay there - I'll have soldiers...

GUARD ONE: (OVER) No - the barracks have been
wiped out. The Xerons have gone mad!

(WE HEAR A NOISE FROM THE OTHER
END, A SCUFFLING, THEN A CRY, FOLLOWED
BY SILENCE)

LOBOS: Hello? Hello! This is Governor Lobos...

(WE HEAR NOTHING, THEN THERE IS A GENTLE LAUGH FROM THE OTHER END. LOBOS FLICKS BACK THE SWITCH HURRIEDLY, BACKS AWAY.

THEN, TURNING TO THE MOROK COMMANDER:)

We can still get away! I've got a ship standing by at the launching port.

(LOBOS OPENS HIS DESK ETC. GETS A BAG, OR MERELY STUFFS AS MANY POSSESSIONS AS HE CAN INTO HIS POCKETS, WORKING AT GREAT SPEED. HE LOOKS AROUND THE OFFICE, MAKING SURE HE HAS EVERYTHING OF IMPORTANCE.

THE MOROK COMMANDER, MEANTIME, COLLECTED A RAY GUN. HE MOVES TO OFFICE DOOR, OPENS IT, LOOKS OUT, RAY GUN AT THE READY. HE MOVES BACK IN AND WAITS FOR LOBOS, THEN WHEN THE GOVERNOR IS READY:)

COMMANDER: What about the aliens?

(LOBOS THINKS, IT SEEMS AS THOUGH HE IS NOT GOING TO BOTHER, THEN, DECIDING:)

LOBOS: All this trouble started when they arrived. Kill them!

(THE COMMANDER NODS, MOVES TO THE PREPARATION ROOM DOOR, OPENS IT. LOBOS MOVES IN BESIDE THE COMMANDER, RAISES HIS RAY GUN AS WELL. WE CAN SEE THE DOCTOR, IAN, BARBARA AND VICKI THROUGH THE OPEN DOOR.

WE GET THE NOISE AND EFFECT OF RAY GUNS FIRING.

THERE IS A SLIGHT PAUSE DURING WHICH NOTHING HAPPENS, THEN, LOBOS TURNS TOWARDS THE OPENED OFFICE DOOR, AND FALLS, AS THE MOROK COMMANDER ALSO COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR.

IN THE DOORWAY WE SEE TOR WITH HIS GROUP OF XERONS, THEIR RAY GUNS HAVING JUST FIRED.

VICKI IS FIRST OUT OF THE PREPARATION ROOM, RUNNING THROUGH TO GREET TOR)

TOR: Vicki!

VICKI: Tor!

(WE TRACK PAST THEIR JOYFUL, EXCITED HUGS, ON TO DOCTOR WHO, BARBARA AND IAN WHO STAND, FRAMED IN THE DOOR.

DOCTOR WHO LOOKS AT BARBARA AND IAN ON EACH SIDE OF HIM IN TURN, WITH:)

DOCTOR WHO: Mmm - the future doesn't look too bad after all, does it?

(BARBARA AND IAN SMILE AT THE DOCTOR, AND WE HOLD)

RECORDING BREAK

23. EXT. MUSEUM BUILDING. DAY.

(WE COME UP ON THE MUSEUM BUILDING EXTERIOR. TOR IS STANDING WITH VICKI NEAR THE ENTRANCE DOORS DIRECTING THE XERONS WHO ARE TAKING, FROM THE MUSEUM, ARTICLES THAT HAVE BEEN EXHIBITED THERE, AND CARRYING THEM OFF FRAME.

WE ESTABLISH THIS SCENE, THEN CLOSE IN ON BARBARA AND IAN STANDING OUTSIDE THE TARDIS, AND ALSO WATCHING THE PROCEEDINGS)

BARBARA: Well - they certainly didn't waste much time in dismantling the museum!

IAN: No - it must be quite a feeling getting your own planet back ...

(IAN AND BARBARA TURN AS, DURING THESE LAST TWO SENTENCES, DOCTOR WHO HAS COME OUT OF THE TELEPHONE BOX. HE HOLDS A SMALL CONDENSER IN HIS HAND)

DOCTOR WHO: Ah, there you are - well, that's it, the cause of all this dimensional trouble we've been having.

(THE DOCTOR HOLDS OUT THE SMALL
CONDENSER. IAN TAKES IT, LOOKS AT IT)

IAN: Mmm - I suppose it saved us in a way.

DOCTOR WHO: Funny how it happened. (TO
BARBARA) It stuck, you know, yes. I don't
know whether you've ever been into a room, and
switched the light on - and had to wait. oh,
a second or two before it actually lit.

BARBARA: Well, yes, I have; everybody has I
suppose.

DOCTOR WHO: Same sort of problem. We landed on
a separate time-track; and wandered around, but
it wasn't until that little thing clicked into
place that we actually arrived here.

(IAN HANDS BACK THE CONDENSER)

IAN: Thank you for taking the trouble to
explain.

DOCTOR WHO: Oh, anytime, dear boy, anytime.
(THEN) Goodness gracious me - look at that!

(THE DOCTOR MOVES OUT, FOLLOWED
BY IAN AND BARBARA. TWO XERONS
ARE CARRYING OUT WHAT LOOKS TO
BE A VERY FUTURISTIC TELEVISION
SET)

DOCTOR WHO: A time-space visualiser! Just
fancy! (CALLS) Tor - Tor!

(TOR AND VICKI COME ACROSS, JOIN
THE GROUP)

TOR: Yes, Doctor?

DOCTOR WHO: What's going to happen to this,
mmm?

VICKI: It's going to be broken up.

DOCTOR WHO: I was asking this young man.

TOR: Vicki's right. We only want on Xeros what belongs to Xeros.

DOCTOR: Yes, well - I wonder if you'd mind us taking this - as a souvenir, mm?

TOR: Have it by all means.

IAN: Probably doesn't work.

DOCTOR: I can soon fix it up.

BARBARA: What does it do exactly?

DOCTOR WHO: You'll see, my dear, you'll see. Chesterton, carry it inside for me, will you?

(IAN NODS, MOVES FORWARD, TAKES IT,
GOES OUT OF FRAME AS:)

DOCTOR WHO: And mind how you go. Careful ...
Careful!

(THE DOCTOR WATCHES IT OFF,
TURNS BACK TO VICKI)

DOCTOR WHO: Mmm ... said your goodbyes, Child?

(VICKI NODS, LOOKS DOWN)

TOR: Thank you, Doctor.

DOCTOR WHO: Oh, nonsense, nonsense. We did nothing, you did it all yourselves.

TOR: Your party made our revolution a success.

(TOR LOOKS AT VICKI, SHE DOES NOT
LOOK AT HIM. THERE IS A MOMENT'S
SILENCE, THEN)

DOCTOR WHO: Yes, well - it's time we were moving. Goodbye, Tor ...

(THERE ARE AD-LIB FAREWELLS. DOCTOR WHO

AND BARBARA AND VICKI MOVE ACROSS TO THE BOX, JUST AS IAN REAPPEARS IN THE DOOR. HE IS BUSTLED INSIDE AGAIN.

WE ANGLE ROUND AND SHOW VICKI, THE LAST ONE IN. SHE WAVES, AND SMILES. WE CUT TO SHOW TOR, SMILING, STANDING AMONGST THE XERONS, WAVING BACK)

CUT TELECINE:

The Tardis de-materialises slowly and we hear the usual sounds. In seconds all that is left is the plain museum wall it was standing against.

(Sound dubbed: Tardis sounds.)

CUT

Photo Captions

The space sky. Millions of stars in thousands of galaxies. We HOLD this then start to ZOOM in slowly.

MIX

We are amongst the stars, and planets can now be seen. We PICKOUT one larger planet, and continue to ZOOM IN on this.

MIX

The planet in CLOSER SHOT. We are still ZOOMING IN, and, when the planet surface fills the screen, we:

END TELECINE.

24. INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM. DAY.

(WE FEATURE A ONE
FLAT SET. A CONTROL
PANEL OF FLASHING
LIGHTS, ETC. A DALEK

STANDS, WATCHING THIS,
THEN TURNS AS WE GO
IN)

DALEK VOICE: Our greatest enemies have left
the Planet Xeros. They are once again in
time, and space.

DALEK SUPREME: (OVER) They cannot escape!
Our time machine will soon follow them. They
will be exterminated. Exterminated.
Exterminated!!!!

(WE HOLD, THEN:
FADE OUT)

SUPOSE CAM Caption:

"Next episode - The Executioners"

(THE CREDIT CAPTION
FADES.

CLOSING MUSIC)

SUPOSE CAM Caption
Titles

FADE OUT